it. You know how much there is at stake," he concluded, looking at Kitty and blushing violently over the memory of yesterday.

Kitty undertook to cheer him up. She said that the fact that the story had been rejected once or twice meant nothing. She had often heard of articles being accepted after all hope of such good luck had been abandoned by the authors.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Fred," she said. "I've a presentiment that this time you'll be fortunate."

I was myself, of course, utterly skeptical. But I joined my voice to Kitty's, and before we left her the young author was half persuaded that fortune was at last about to smile upon his efforts.

It was some time after this before I saw any of my friends again. Kitty was sent to Boston to report the Women's Needlework exhibition for The Tall-tower. Miss Windom went with her friends to spend a couple of months at Fortress Monroe. I myself was engaged by a party of sporting friends on a shooting expedition at Montauk Point. There we had such excellent sport that I, when I finally did come back to the city, returned in the most amiable frame of mind. It is always a relief not to have to lie about one's hunting experiences. And this time I was able to tell the story with but an imperceptible stretching of my conscience. I felt it to be a luxury.

My good nature was so great on this account that I did not even swear when Raeburne burst into my room, slamming the door with such violence as to knock my favorite meerschaum off the mantel into the fireplace, smashing it into fragments. I was engaged at the moment with Garbould, the critic, called by his friends after the aboriginal fashion "Old-man who-knows-it-all." He was relating some private tattle about the latest dramatic success, a kind of gossip that is always palatable to me. Well, we were thus rudely interrupted, the labor of seven years lay ruined on the hearth stone, and yet I used no violent language. I merely said to Raeburne, pointing to the remnants on the hearth:

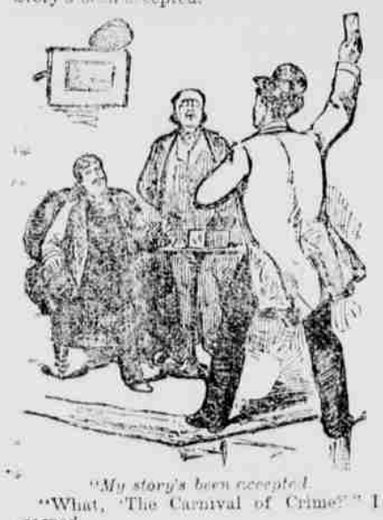
"You have dropped something, Fred. Would you mind picking it up?"

My pleasant manner was, however, by no means imitated by the great Garbould. He had not been duck shooting, and he could not be expected to be in so sweet a mental condition as myself. Besides, Garbould is not used to being interrupted. He is always treated with the greatest deference to his face, whatever liberties may be taken with him behind his back. So that Fred's headlong entrance was a shock both to his nervous system and his self esteem.

"Hang you, Raeburne," he exclaimed in great heat. "What's the matter with you? You must be suffering from a determination of blood to the head. Nature abhors a vacuum, I know. But you'd better hold on to yourself. If I were you, I'd take medical advice."

"Advice be blowed," shouted Fred. He waved a letter in his hand in great glee. There was evidently something in the wind that rendered honest Fred impervious to sarcasm and to wrath alike.

"I'm sorry for the pipe, Malcolm, deucedly sorry," he continued. "But I can't help it. I'm almost crazy today. My story's been accepted."



"My story's been excepted."

"What, 'The Carnival of Crime?'" I gasped.

"Yes," cried Fred.

"Who the devil would take anything of yours?" growled Garbould.

"The Eclectic, and no mistake, you duffer," replied Fred.

"Nonsense," we both cried.

"Here is the check to prove it," said Raeburne, producing a narrow slip of paper.

Of course that convinced me, and I was beginning to wonder whether after all I could be mistaken about Raeburne. Not so Garbould. He is never taken aback, and he is never convinced.

"I have long said," he remarked, lefty, "that that magazine is in very bad hands. Its present editors are ruining it—simply ruining it."

"Yes," broke in Fred; "because they won't have any more of your musty old war reminiscences. You are out of date with your scandals of Queen Elizabeth."

"I must be out of date, indeed," rejoined Garbould, "when the mere fact of having a silly story accepted, undoubtedly through some mistake, gives a boy like you the right to insult a man whose name was a household word long before you or your magazine were born, and will be when you are both forgotten."

Raeburne was about to make some rash reply, and there is no knowing how far the wrangle would have proceeded, had not I come to the rescue as peacemaker. Fred is something of a Hotspur, and as for old Garbould, he is an Englishman, and is gifted with more than the usual amount of true British obstinacy. It was therefore with some difficulty that I at last succeeded in reconciling them. Fred was the first to come round.

"Come, old man," he said, holding out his hand, "don't be huffy. There, I apologize. Give us your fin."

Garbould consented to be mollified, and smiling peace once more abided with us.

Of course this great piece of news knocked all other subjects of conversation on the head. The fortunes of "The Writing Master," the play Garbould had been talking about, no longer interested me. I read Fred's letter from The Eclectic while Garbould examined the check (for a good round sum it was, too), at first doubtfully, then critically, but at last approvingly. He was forced to admit that Fred had written something which, for some reason or other, had found favor in the eyes of one of the greatest literary authorities in the country. Garbould is a critic, and it goes without saying that he is a skeptic and a cynic at the same time. Of course, he admitted nothing openly, but I thought I could see a gradually dawning respect for Raeburne in his tone and manner as the conversation progressed. The old fellow is intolerant to a degree, and only listens to other people's opinions upon compulsion. But this afternoon he showed unusual forbearance, for him, not contradicting us more than once in three minutes. So that when the two got up to go off together I detained Fred long enough to whisper: "If I was not convinced of your good fortune by the evidence of the check, I should certainly be forced to believe after seeing old Garbould's manner toward you. I congratulate you, my dear fellow."

Fred laughed and blushed, and went off evidently well pleased with himself, with me, with Garbould, and with the world in general.

Well, the result of it all was that Fred and Laura were married. Mrs. Rutledge did all in her power to break off the match, but when she found that was impossible she consented with as good grace as might be to an early marriage. Miss Windom said that she had given her word that if Fred got an article accepted she would marry him, and she was determined to keep her promise. Besides, she argued that the very fact of the acceptance of his story by so high an authority as The Eclectic was proof positive that Fred had a great literary career before him. Whether Mrs. Rutledge was convinced by Miss Windom's logic I have my reasons for doubting. It is far more probable that she was finally urged to forego her opposition to the marriage rather by motives of policy than because she was converted to a more hopeful view of Fred's future as an author. Miss Windom was an heiress, and she was just coming of age. Her guardians could, perhaps, make her uncomfortable for a short time by withholding their consent. But in the end she would marry the man of her choice, and then she was not likely to forget those who had evilly treated her. It would, on the whole, be pleasanter to have Laura friendly. And, after all, what real difference did it make to Mrs. Rutledge whether the girl threw herself away on a pauper or not? So I think that astute lady argued the matter to herself, and the conclusion was that she consented to a marriage in the spring.

So when the winter had passed away and there was a smell of early violets in the air they were married. The event took place at one of the fashionable uptown churches. Kitty and I went. It was a hot, flower scented, stuffy affair, like all church weddings. I don't remember that Fred looked any less miserable than other men do under similar circumstances. I do remember, though, that the bride was radiant. Kitty says her dress was of cream white, set in with front of point lace, and veil of the same; corsage decollete. Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a bouquet of white jasmine. All that sounds like Jenkins, I know, but I want to be correct, and I have written it down just as Kitty gave it to me. Well, in this state Miss Laura Windom traveled up the long aisle to the chancel leaning on Mr. Rutledge's arm, and in precisely the same state. Mrs. Fred Raeburne walked down the same aisle ten minutes later leaning on her husband's arm. And I give you my word they looked so proud and handsome and triumphant both of them, as they walked out of the church together to their carriage, that for once in a way I wasn't sorry to see it done.

They were gone some weeks, and when they returned a grand reception was given to them by the Rutledges. I went, but Kitty could not be persuaded, though ardently entreated thereto by Mrs. Fred and her husband. She begged off on the plea that she was nothing but a little Bohemian anyway, and not at all fit for society people or their ways. We all poohpoohed at this, but Kitty was adamant. However, a few days afterward when the Raeburnes had moved into their pretty house over on the west side, Kitty told me she wanted me to take her up to see them. So one pleasant, sunny afternoon we went up.

They were both there. I had told Fred we were coming, and he was on hand, with that proud look of superiority peculiar to young husbands pervading his good looking phiz. Well, of course Kitty had to be taken up stairs and shown all of Mrs. Raeburne's new clothes. Fred and I retired to the dining room to discuss a small bottle of wine in honor of the event. By and by the ladies came down, and then we were shown all the new silver and the other presents with which the young couple had been duly loaded.

In the midst of this pleasing occupation the front door bell rang and presently the servant announced Mr. Garbould.

"Old Garbould!" exclaimed Fred. "Show him right out here, eh, Laura?"

Of course Laura wanted whatever Fred wanted. So Garbould was introduced. Another bottle of wine was opened, and the young people were pledged in due form, Garbould making a very clever little talk, I remember, of a kind appropriate to the occasion. Upon its conclusion, and just as he was about to set his glass down on the table, he remarked suddenly:

"By the way, Raeburne, I was almost forgetting. I've another thing to congratulate you about. Your article has come out. I wish you joy. It is really a very clever bit of writing, indeed."

Raeburne blushed and muttered something about praise from Sir Hubert Stanley.

"But where did you see it?" broke in Laura, impetuously. "Oh, dear, I'm so anxious to look at it."

"Nothing easier," said Garbould. "The magazine is issued today. They were just putting them out on the news stands as I came up on the elevated. I bought a copy, and one of the first things my eye lighted on was your husband's article."

"Where is it?" asked Laura, eagerly.

"Out in my overcoat pocket," said the critic. "I'll go fetch it."

So Garbould brought the magazine, and Raeburne, excusing himself, plunged into the book, Laura the while looking over his shoulder and reading no less eagerly than he. Garbould began to expatiate on the excellence of Fred's style to Kitty in his usual bumptious fashion. When the "Old-man-who-knows-it-all" condescends to commend an author he is just as fierce about it as when he condemns, which, by the way, he usually does.

Garbould wearies me when he mounts his hobby of criticism. So I turned away from him and began to watch Fred and his wife. Every feature of Laura's face was lighted up with interest and pride as her eyes ran rapidly from one side of the page to the other. Fred's face, on the contrary, was a picture of consternation. Presently he laid the book down on the table. Laura looked at him in surprise.

"What's the row, Fred?" said I.

"Why, hang it all, there's some mistake. This is not my article at all."

"Not 'A Carnival of Crime?'" I inquired, while Garbould stopped his flow of speech and cocked up his ear.

"Not my 'Carnival of Crime,' certainly," said Fred. "Listen to this: 'A Carnival of Crime: Being a protest against the banging of horses' tails and women's heads.'"

"And a very clever protest it is, too," put in Garbould.

"But it's not mine," said Fred, considerably chopfallen. "Who the mischief can have done this?"

He stared disconsolately at the magazine as if he expected to find an answer to the conundrum there. I looked at Kitty. She was gazing demurely out of the window. Suddenly Fred started and looked over at her.

"You did it," he exclaimed, pointing his finger at her.

Kitty laughed. "Well, if I did," she said, "I am sufficiently up in the law to know that I can't be compelled to testify against myself. But whoever did it," she continued, "you oughtn't to be very angry. See what it has brought you." And she pointed to the lovely face that was leaning over Fred's shoulder.

"Kitty," I put in at this juncture, "let me tell you one thing—no, two things! These young people, like all the rest of us, will have to row their own boats. Also, people who push their noses into other people's affairs are apt to get them sadly pinched."

"You might add a third," Kitty responded. "It is often a very good thing to forget and forgive. You will, won't you, Fred?" she exclaimed, holding out her hand.

Fred grasped it heartily, and I fancied there was a gleam of tears in his eyes as he turned away to explain matters to his wife and Garbould. "The Old-man-who-knows-it-all" was at first disposed to feel injured, as if a fraud had been perpetrated upon him personally. But upon reflection it was apparent that all he had said about the article was as true now as it had been before, so that he was not compromised in any way.

* * * * * *

"Kitty," said I, when some time after we took our leave and were wending our way homeward, "Kitty, so that was the reason you were anxious to get rid of me that evening, was it?"

"Of course, stupid," she said.

THE END.

An Officer's Trying Situation.

I was dining at the officers' mess of a regiment at Tounghoo. It was during the wet monsoon at the time. We were sitting over our wine, when a young lieutenant called out: "I feel something creeping up my right leg." I may mention that wide trousers of American drill are worn for the sake of coolness. An old officer present told the young fellow for God's sake not to stir, but sit perfectly quiet, adding that it was no doubt a snake, and that if he was to move his position he might be fatally bitten. The young fellow behaved with much nerve. His face became a shade paler, but he took the advice given him and remained quiet. He told us in a low voice that the creature, whatever it was, could not get past his knee, and that it had coiled itself around his leg.

Not knowing how the affair might end the colonel had sent to town for a snake charmer. Two of these worthies soon made their appearance, one with a reed pipe somewhat resembling a flageolet, the other bearing a basket with flaps to it. The basket, with one flap up, was set down behind the young officer's chair, the bearer squatting down beside it. The other officers made room for the charmers. The musician commenced to play a low, soft melody on his pipe, monotonous but pleasing. In a few minutes the head of the reptile was seen to peep out of the bottom of the young officer's trousers, and after nodding it about a little, keeping time with the cadence of the music, the snake slowly wriggled itself free from the young fellow's leg and glided toward the piper.

The music now became fast and wild, the snake keeping time with it, until, with a rapid, sharp movement, the man on the floor caught the snake by the neck, thus forcing his jaws apart. Producing a steel instrument, the operator pulled the poisonous bag out with a dexterous jerk; then threw the snake into the basket and shut down the flap. On receiving a few rupees the charmers made a low obeisance and retired with their prize. The snake proved to be a cobra-di-capella, or hooded snake, about eighteen inches in length. After the reptile had withdrawn from about his person the young officier would have fainted from the reaction, but the "old hand" had a tumbler of brandy ready, which he made the youth swallow. This restorative soon put him to rights, although I don't suppose he forgot the incident for some time.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Rank of Generals.

The conferring of the rank of general upon officers of the army is a distinguished honor that has fallen upon only four officers since the foundation of the government—Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. The grade of lieutenant general for the commander of the army was authorized by act of congress on May 28, 1798, and on July 3 following Washington was appointed to the office. He held it until March 3, 1799, when he became general, the grade of lieutenant general being abolished.

On March 29, 1847, Maj. Gen. Scott was made a brevet lieutenant general by act of congress, but the actual grade was not revived until Feb. 29, 1864. Two days later Maj. Gen. Grant was appointed lieutenant general, and he held the position until July 25, 1866, when he became general, the grade having been revived for his benefit. On the day he was inaugurated as president, March 4, 1869, he nominated Sherman and Sheridan for general and lieutenant general respectively, and these officers have held these respective ranks since that date. With Sheridan's promotion to the grade of general, the rank of lieutenant general becomes a thing of the past, although it is proposed to revive it, so that the commandant of the army, after Gen. Sheridan's death or retirement, may be above the grade of major general.—New York Tribune.

Ignorance of an Englishman.

The following story was told by a clergyman, as being part of a conversation held by him with an Englishman to whom he pointed out Gen. Grant's residence in New York. The Englishman asked, "What name?" and seeming to obtain no further light, the clergyman repeated it to him and said: "Of course you have heard of Gen. Grant. He was our president for eight years ending in 1877."

"Ah!" remarked the Englishman, still with no evidence of recalling a fact previously known.

"Then, too," proceeded the clergyman, "he was a great general and was in command of a million of men at the close of the war. You remember our late war, of course?"

"Well, no," was the answer. "Beg pardon, but I have just arrived in the country and was so long at sea that I have not heard the latest news. I was at sea sixteen days, really."—Chicago Journal.

You never see a man go up a side street with a long string of fish, never.—Ottawa Local News.

London Stage as a Beauty Mart

THE CRAZE FOR COMELINESS BEHIND THE FOOT LIGHTS.

Beauty Actors' Lawrence Cautley, Conway, Terriss Young Brough, and Others—Beauty Actresses: Dorothy Dene, the Favorite Beauty of Sir Frederick Leighton; Kate Vaughan, Phyllis Broughton and Constance Gilchrist.

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The beautiful Antinous, as every student of classical history is aware, was so beloved by the emperor Adrian that when the youth died, the potentate erected a temple to him, and wished it to be believed that he had been changed into a constellation. To be a star is at the present time the aspiration of many good looking English youths; and never was the opportunity more favorable than now, for beauty to achieve fame and fortune through the medium of footlight life. The annals of the stage during the last century, contain almost countless instances of beautiful women who have won wealth and reputation through the exhibition of their fascinating persons upon the dramatic boards; nay, the record extends even farther back: for who could refer to such a circumstance and forget Nell Gwynne? But the invasion of the theatrical camp by remarkably handsome men, which is so marked a feature of the contemporaneous London stage seems to be a movement peculiar to our own time.

Here and there we read in bygone annals of a fascinating fellow who personated gentlemen on the stage, almost as if to that condition born: but that the fascinating fellow should be in truth a man of quality is one of the nice surprises in realism which the contemporaneous manager has been privileged to afford his amused and applauding patrons. At the present hour there are quite a score of young and good looking men engaged as actors in the various London theatres whose ancestry is clearly traced out in Debrett, and who certainly belong to that inferior class of nobles called gentlemen. Not all of these are equally popular, though all are acceptable to the public as being, when playing gentlemen, the right men in the right place. What is it which segregates a few of them, and transforms them into idols before which the popular heart bows down, guided by the instinct of taste, in irresistible submission? "Tis beauty! Mysterious magnet which enchains our vision, paralyses our judgment, controls our sympathy, does with us what it will!

Although far from being the most youthful, William Terriss is undoubtedly the most popular of the London beauty actors. Theatre goers in the United States will remember Terriss as the interesting *jeune premier* of Henry Irving's first trip, a romantic looking actor with dark curling locks, languishing brown eyes, a marble brow and a general classic *contour* of physiognomy whose positive beauty no one could dispute. In tragedy or comedy Shakesperian or modern, Terriss was equally at home. His Mercutio was delightful, and his Romeo exquisite. I have seen him play both parts with Adelaide Neilson and with Ellen Terry. For actual personal charm, even apart from his acting, he held his own irresistibly, even beside these exceptionally fascinating women.

Of late years Terriss has changed his dramatic note. He is the hero of the Adelphi theatre dramas, the leading dramatic light of the *oi polloi*. The populace worships him whether as the wronged heir in "The Bells of Haslemere," the suffering hero in "In the Ranks," or the innocent victim in "Harbor Lights." His frequent assumption of the role of stage sailor, has caused him to be popularly known as "the finest officer in her majesty's service." He is much given to cruising when off the stage, and was recently awarded a gold medal by the Royal Humane society for his bravery in saving a life in the treacherous waters off the north coast of England. Terriss's good looks and good acting are worth their weight in gold to him. His salary at the Adelphi, all the year round, is said to be $500 a week. Time stands still for Terriss no more than for ugly men. His daughter, Miss Elisaline, an interesting girl of 18 or thereabouts, recently made her debut on the London stage, under the auspices of Charles Wyndham, of the Criterion theatre. Terriss (this is a assumed name) is a gentleman by birth. He comes of an excellent family, the most prominent of whom, in the literary sense at least, was Grote, the historian.

Those patrons of the London drama who witnessed Buchanan's stage version of Fielding's work called "Sophia" recognized a certain fitness of things in Gilbert Farquhar's personation of that fine old English gentleman, Squire Allworthy. "Gillie" Farquhar, as he is familiarly called, is incontestably a gentleman. Son of the late, and brother of the present baronet, he is closely connected by family ties with the duke of Beaufort; his mother is the daughter of a Scotch earl; he is on the visiting list—even though an actor—of half the British aristocracy. Mr. Farquhar is no longer a youth, and certainly cannot be classed with the beauty actors; but he is a gentleman, and brings the polish of aristocratic manners to enhance the value of his stage performances.

A charming and good looking youthful actor is Cyril Maude, nephew of Lord Sudeley. Cupid recently entwined the hearts of Cyril Maude and a young actress who had been for some months a fellow player, Hymen's torch had to be called into requisition to settle the business satisfactorily. The pair were married at the chapel Royal Savoy, in presence of an assemblage which was an interesting mingling of aristocracy and green room plebianism. "Shoppy" chaff prevailed among the actor element, of course. "Where is the bridegroom?" asked a newcomer of a Strand comedian. "He will enter at the stage door presently," replied the wag, irreverently pointing to a portel in the sacred edifice. Lord Sudeley was present in person; and evidently applauded—not with his hands, of course,—his nephew's choice of a beautiful life partner.

Speaking of Strand comedians recalls the popular Lionel Brough, a stock funny man of London; and from "Lal" Brough to young Brough, "Lal's" son, and one of the prettiest of the beauty actors, is an easy transition. Young Brough can show no family record in Debrett; but his looking glass tells him a flattering tale. Young Brough is at present confined to that insipid class of characters called in green-room parlance, "the—with an expletive—Fredericks;" but he is rapidly improving in his profession, and when he reaches the desired goal of leading characters he will bring to their illustration a splendid figure and an almost babyishly winning face.

As Captain Absolute, as Lord Islay, as Joseph Andrews, who so handsome as H. B. Conway? Every photograph shop in London exhibits the sunny likeness of this fascinating actor, whose brown ringletting locks cluster tightly about a wonderfully well formed head, and whose great soft eyes repeat the happy smile which wreaths the perfect mouth. Although younger than Terriss, Conway is not so young as he was; and while Terriss has become louder and more pronounced in his style of acting, as befits the hero of melodrama, Conway has restrained his methods until now he is one of the most undemonstrative actors who ever trod the London stage. His reserved bearing well accords with most of the parts he plays, and even a lisp seems not unpleasant when falling athwart lips so sweet.

The last beauty actor I shall name is the greatest beauty of all—Lawrence Cautley, the pet of the public at the Haymarket thertre. Still in his early twenties, tall, slender, with hair as black as the raven's wing, and "eyes that are in themselves a soul," this young actor's beauty is open to but one objection, if an objection it be; he is too handsome for a man. The first time I saw him I thought I was looking at a woman dressed as a man, for one knows not nowadays what travesty may be exhibited on the stage. True he was for a woman "more than common tall;" but so was Rosalind; and those dark languid eyes, that trembling sensitive mouth, could they be the appendage of one of the sterner sex? I have but an indistinct recollection of Lola Montey, whom I saw once in childhood; yet it seems to me that she possessed the touching peculiarity of Cautley's beauty; the large dark eyes of the wounded fawn.

The beauty actresses of London are uncountable. Every year adds to their number; for the stage is a beauty mart, where comeliness brings its price. We have the highest artistic assurance that Dorothy Dene is a beauty. Sir Frederick Leighton has painted her, and that is the equivalent of a pronunciamento of loveliness from the president of the Royal academy. Miss Dene is rather below the medium height, and somewhat broadly built, although she is thin. Her face is childish, with large grey eyes; light brown hair, cut short, curls prettily all over her poll. Her efforts as an actress are more indicative of a desire to please than of an assured skill in doing so; but professional ability will come with the ripening of her still immature beauty.

If at the leading theatres of London, beauty in the actresses employed is the rule and not the exception, what shall I say of the minor playhouses, where personal comeliness is a *sine qua non*? The burlesque stages of London exhibit such galaxies of loveliness as no other capital, ancient or modern, has ever before shown in its theatres. The supply of this article, beautiful women, as a paid commodity, so greatly exceeds the demand for it, that the process of selection reduces the chosen to troops of Hebes whom Jupiter would have adored.

Long a burlesque queen, but now an aspirant for comedy honors in the manner of Mrs. Bancroft, is Kate Vaughan, the floating, fairylike *danseuse*, who captured the heart and wears the wedding ring of Colonel, the Honorable Frederick Wellesley, son of Earl Cowley. This marriage created some consternation as the general impression was that Colonel Wellesley was the heir to the dukedom of Wellington, had the prospect of a burlesque dancer flaunting as a duchess of Wellington rather shocked the sensibilities of the British taxpayer. The two Wellesley families, though consanguinous, are distinct, however, and the Vaughan has no prospect of wearing a strawberry leaf coronet. Another burlesque beauty, Phyllis Broughton has just brought suit for breach of promise against Viscount Dangan, who, oddly enough, is a nephew of Colonel Wellesley.

One of the most widely discussed of London burlesque beauties, is Constance Gilchrist, Little Connie, who skipped into fame and fortune, with her skipping rope, from off the boards of the Oxford Music hall. This is no place to discuss the question whether Miss Gilchrist is, or is not the favorite of one of England's most puissant dukes. Suffice it to say that the girl is, as Pepys says of Nell Gwynne, a mighty pretty creature; and who adds to her beauty of person an unexpected distinction even a hauteur of manner, which shows to her a remarkable aptitude to seize what is best in the aristocratic male society she frequents.

The names I have mentioned are only those of a few of the comparatively prominent beauty players of London; those who have more or less claim to be considered entitled to distinction by reason of their artistic standing. I have made no effort to catalogue the hundred upon hundreds of men and women, beauties who are artistically insignificant. If I were asked what is the best passport to London favor on the dramatic stage I should unhesitatingly answer "beauty." The beauty cultus is the maddest passion in London today. It has been growing for 10 years and is now wildly raging. A fascinating face will achieve a dramatic opening, will secure a passionate adoration in all classes of spectators, of a sort which Sarah Siddons or David Garrick would fail to command, could that mother and father of English tragedy revisit the scenes of their former triumphs. The player of today, male or female, may or may not be dramatically gifted; he or she must be physically fine. If the London spectator had to choose between genius and beauty, there is every indication to prove that he would select beauty, and let genius go. Like Clough's lover to his mistress, the London Sybarite cries to the Phryne and to the Apollo of the boards:

"Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous, only be lovely."

OLIVE LOGAN.